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Charles L. Moore
Editor

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Send us a club of five subscrib-
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We want to increase the circula-
tion of this paper several thou-
sand copies this spring. Do your
part.

HUMAN AFFECTION

THE HAND-MAID OF REASON
AND LOVE THE INSPIRATION
WHICH LEADS TO HOPES OF
ANOTHER LIFE

By J. B. Wilson, M. D.

Men and women existed before
creeds, before governments, before
scientific and philosophic research.
Love existed before these. Love is the
only religion—the purple light of life.
It is the religion of humanity;
spreading itself, naturally, toward the
many, harmonizing, softening the
savage nature, and making men become
humane and charitable.

Love is the Burden of all of Nature's

It is heard in the song of the awak-
ening birds, when the sunlight smites
the woods with fire, and they strain
their warbling throats to record their
hymns, and chant their carols blest.
It is heard in the wild feet of the
effin wind, dancing and prancing mid-
the forest boughs; in the fro and fall
of the millstream, as o'er bar and
bank it brawls in boisterous glee; in
the gale which curls the lake's bright
lips, and lifts a deeper, purer water to
the light; in the surf and sparkling
of the rivulet, speeding and spiraling
through dark woodlands, as if a
nymph's silvery feet danced through
the star beams on a calm summer
night; in the marriage of the flowers
which spot the meadows, and fringe
the brookside with strands of dis-
monds and of pearls; in the sighing
winds, when summer has exchanged
her robes of green, and cradled her
self in gorgeous tints of gold and pur-
ple—when all the trees have

All around me I see change, ever-
lasting, eternal change, and I am led
from this observation to believe that
death ends all. All around me too, I
see progression, endless, eternal pro-
gression, and from this observation, I
am led to wish that the progression
began in me, will be endless, eternal
progression.

The idea of extinction is not pleas-
ing to me. The desire for extinction
is unnatural, abnormal in anybody of
healthy digestion and loving nature,
in any one to whom the captured air
is ringing with earth's music.

"Aye, but to die and go we know not
where;

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted
spirit;
To bathe in fiery floods; or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless
winds
And blown with restless violence
Round about the pendant world."

The immortal had expressed my
desires. "It is not pleasant to me to
contemplate extinction—to rot, and to
be imprisoned in the viewless winds."
There is no consummation in such a
change. There is no inspiring object
in it. Nature which is ever unfolding
mystery upon mystery, which is with-
out limitations, can manifest her su-
premacies, only in the accomplishment
of that greatest of all mysteries, a
progressive intellectual immortality.
If there be an intellectual purpose in
nature, it is this accomplishment. Na-
ture is not supreme, if she stops short
of this purpose.

I hear it frequently said: "The
worst that can be said of death, is
that it is a sweet rest." This was a
frequent expression of Ingersoll.

I do not see any "sweetness" in an
idealistic rest. I do not see anything
desirable in rest at all—no mystery,
no philosophy, no sublime purpose, no
supreme accomplishment.

What rest is there?—Grief—

The "sweet rest" is a "sweet rest" and
preference to the "sweet rest" is
fiction. If Nature had a purpose in
my organization, her purpose is
thwarted if she does not extend the
development, she took the trouble to
begin.

If for no other purpose, I want to
live again, led by the curiosity to see
how things turn out. There's some-
thing in this; but to die and dip im-
mediately into cerberian darkness—
there's nothing in that to the credit of
either Nature or God. The healthy
mind may believe it, but no healthy
mind, no mind that loves, can wish
it. It may be true, and I think often
it is true, but to me it is not an at-
tractive truth.

So I want to live again, I want to
(Continued on Fourth page)

A JUVENILE OPINION

Since ma's got Christian Science we
boys are dead in luck—
No hot old mustard plasters upon our
cheests are stuck;

She never puts the ginger upon the
stove to boil;
Nor does up us children with that
old castor oil.

She just says, "Look here, children:
no need for you to squall,
You think your stomach's aching?"
There's no such thing at all."

Since ma's got Christian Science she
doesn't use a whip
To punish us, but simply makes pack-
ers in her lips,

And thinks and thinks right at us,
until the near goes blind,
And then she says she whipped us with
whipping in her mind.

That is the absent treatment, but
anyone can see
That it doesn't make connections
with such a boy as me.

But pa—now he is different. When
he's at home he'll say,
"You children best be careful and not
be bad today."

You just believe we're careful, 'cause
pa, he says that.
Will give us switching science hot
from the willow tree,

And, as for absent treatment, why,
he says with a wink,
"I'll tend to all the switchin'—ma can
stand by and—think."

—Baltimore American.

KIDDER

ON CONCEPTION—IMMACU-
LATE AND CAMP
MEETING

—Roosevelt Knows No More of Labor
Pain Than of Tom Paine

To certainty, nothing else is so irri-
tating as a call for proof. The text of
typical is: "Obey first and ask 'why'
later." In short, leap before you look.
My life has been one great 'why'
I'm a whyer from Whyville to any far
from Llewellyn. If Jesus should tell
me the son of virgin, I'd change
to "how." Before he tries to
run that old maid mother bluff on
uncle Grier, he must forget the
old man used to breed mules back
South. It's true, Prof. Loeb has fer-
tilized the egg of the sea urchin chemi-
cally. But Prof. Loeb isn't the Holy
One. "How" is the urchin the Virgin
Mary by a large majority. Some fu-
ture chemist may produce a sample
of humanity chemically. But labora-
tory conception is no more immacu-
late conception than camp-meeting
conception. I don't deny that a child may origi-
nate, scientifically, so to speak. And
if the chemist is a woman, she'll neces-
sarily be his father; which would be
an improvement on the Holy Ghost
theory. You know, is stranger than
fiction. As to Roosevelt, he
has no more labor pain than of
Tom Paine.

The nearest religion ever came to
honoring a woman was making her the
mother of an illegitimate God. If I
were a woman, I'd rather be married
and raise children.

The average man's thoughts run
and are followed by time and half a
century; but

There's no appeal but blas-
phemy. Man, we are told, is by na-
ture, religious. So he is, and cruel
too. If nature justified religion, it
should justify cruelty. The fact is,
ignorance as naturally fears what it
doesn't understand as it calls "super-
natural," what's above its understand-
ing. So you see, fear and vanity are
born of ignorance. As one thought
father's another, reason would have,
long since reigned. But there are
men whose specialty is combatting in-
fant thought with vigorous fancy.
What's the result? Dwarfed reason
and developed faith. He who anchors
his convictions with the Rock of Ages,
rides a short cable. Such a man
"feels" his right. And "feeling" has
ever been the naked truth to the fel-
low feeling. Age, teaching and cus-
tom are the trinity of the majority.
The probable is rooted in self inter-
est, and what is rooted in self inter-
est is going to overshadow society.
Faith and fool take turns, regulating
each other and the preacher regulates
both. Think of what Presbyterianism
was. Think of what it is. There are
many incredible things about Presby-
terianism. But the most incredible
is that it was more than it is and
not Catholic.

Within a century Christianity will
be too near dead to be fashionable.
The educated will get mad when they
call them piety, just as gentlemen get
mad now when you call them Meth-
odists. God will be buried in "that
great cemetery, the past." Reason will
be our God and freedom our heaven.
All the Socialists, unprepared as they
are, will have been ushered into eter-
nity; there to be "judged for the
deeds done in the flesh." War, with
his brethren, the preacher, the rum
maker and cruelty will be unknown.
Then every sane man will compare
the new with the old and say: "This
is why I'm an Atheist."

M. GRIER KIDDER

THE ONE BENT PLAN.

I am going to keep trying to get this
paper to represent the one idea of
doing good to others to make ourselves
and others happy.
Please explain to your friends that
I do not in any way get a single cent
from this paper, and then help Mr.
Hughes all you can by distributing the
paper among your friends who do not
see it.
It takes some money from you to

do this, but we want to make it the
least possible that can be used in pro-
portion to the extent of the influence
we may exercise. The plan that I
would be glad to see gain the largest
popularity is to have the Blade sent
to you in packages of 5 or more for
1 cent each, and you distribute them,
or send 2 cents each for addresses of
5 or more and have the paper sent to
those addresses from the office.

As a general thing you may count
that only those of very moderate
means will take any interest in this
matter. Rich people do not see a gen-
eral thing that interest in such mat-
ters. It is because they want to hold
onto their money that they are rich,
in many instances.
Again you may nearly always count
that those who do a great deal of writ-
ing and talking for any cause are not
those who give money to assist the
cause.
They generally reason that their
talk is worth as much as other peoples'
money.
Please send in this way any money
that you think you ought to send, and
short letters on the subject of being
good by doing good the only way of
being good.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

(By Robert G. Ingersoll.)

Though Scotland boasts a thousand
names
Of patriot, king and peer,
The noblest, proudest of them all,
Was loved and cradled here.
Here lived the gentle peasant prince,
The loving cooerking,
Compared with whom the greatest
lord
Is but a titled thing.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A novel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and
storm,
One window greets the day;
And yet I stand within this room
And hold all thrones in scorn:
For here beneath this lowly thatch,
Lays sweetest Scotland's son.

Within this hallowed hut I feel
Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at last have
touched

The something deemed divine.
And here the world through all the
years,
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears
Will pay to Robert Burns.

COMMANDS OF THE HOLY BIBLE REGARDING WOMEN.

"Adam was deceived, but the wo-
man being deceived, was first in the
transgression." "In sorrow shall she
bear children." "Thy desire shall be
unto thy husband and he shall rule
over thee." "Behold I am shapen in
iniquity, and in sin did my mother
conceive me." "I suffer not a woman
to usurp authority over the man, but
to be in silence." "Wives submit
yourselves to your own husbands, as
unto the Lord." "Let the woman learn
in silence with all subjection." "If
a woman would know anything let
her learn of her husband at home."
Let women adorn themselves in mod-
est apparel with shamefacedness.
"The husband is the head of the wife,
even as Christ is the head of the church."
"Let your women keep silence in
the churches; for it is not per-
mitted unto them to speak; but they
are commanded to be under obedi-
ence." "Woman what have I to do
with thee?"—Jesus.
"Touch me not"—Jesus to Mary
Magdalene.

HIGH BRIDGE AND FRANKFORT

And Return

VIA QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE

Steamer Warren and F. & C. Railway

\$1.25 Round Trip.

Tuesday, August 15th, special train
will leave Lexington at 7:55 a. m., ar-
riving at High Bridge at 8:35 a. m.,
Leave High Bridge 9:05 a. m., arriving
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fort at 4:00 p. m., leave Georgetown
5:00 p. m., making stops southbound
to discharge passengers from original
points.
Ask ticket agents for particulars.

CLERGYMAN

GUILTY OF MURDER PLOT

Convicted of Being Accessory to the

Killing of Two Children
and May Hang.

Valdosta, Ga., July 31.—The Rev.
J. G. Rawlins yesterday was found
guilty as accessory to the murder of
two children of the Rev. and Mrs. W.
L. Carter, and unless a higher court
intervenes Rawlins and his sons, Mil-
ton and Jesse, and Alf Moore, a negro
will have to hang. The Rawlins sons
and Moore were found guilty of the
murder some three days ago.

Both Rawlins and Carter were for
years ministers in the Methodist
church. A feud started and Rawlins
plotted to wipe out the Carter family.
It was arranged that Moore and Mil-
ton, Jesse and Leonard Rawlins were
to go to the Carter home and kill the
parents while they sat at the supper
table. When the children ran out they
were to be shot down. The assassins
arrived after the evening meal and
could not shoot through the windows
at their victims. A noise caused Willie
and Fannie Bell Carter to run into the
yard. Instantly the guns of the mur-
derers spoke and the girl fell dead.
The boy, shot through the body, drag-
ged himself into the house and told
who had done the firing.

All night long Mr. and Mrs. Carter
crouched in their home. Through
crannies in the log house the Carters
could see the assassins creeping about
the yard, but whether their daughter
was dead or not they could not learn.
Finally Carter reached his rifle and
fired through a crack in the door. The
shot caused the murderers to flee.

Moore confessed the plot.
I have seen in another funeral paper

print the crimes of preachers.
Of course the question is just as ap-
plicable to me, and I will make the
answer, substantially, that the other ed-
itor did.

My purpose is to get people to be
better and happier, and in this pur-
pose I am opposed by preachers who
teach that Christianity is the only
thing that makes people better and in
order to sustain my contention I have
to show the crimes of preachers.

I claim that the newspapers show
that preachers commit more crimes
in proportion to numbers, than any
class of people in the world.

I do not take any pains to find these
newspaper reports, and do not print
all I see, and I omit just those about
preachers because my paper is not
large enough to print even a short
notice of the crimes of prominent
lay Christians.

If in Lexington, any editor, lawyer,
doctor, professor, or any man in high
standing had committed such a crime
as the preacher Rawlins has been
guilty of, the whole United States
would know about it, but it is so com-
mon for preachers to commit crimes
that a case like this does not even
create a comment. I will give you a
sample of Christian crime in Lexing-
ton among people who are not preachers.

A young man went with his mother
to the old Main Street Campbellite
church, and joined the church and was
baptized that night.

While his father was still wet from
the baptism, he left his mother and went
in the night to the room of a negro
woman, having first gone to a saloon
and drank whisky and gotten a pla-
strol. The husband of the woman came
a on the two in her room, and the
young man shot him and killed him.

The young man ran and going through
the dark a clothes line knocked off
his hat with his name in it.

The hat was found and the man
was thus detected and captured. He
was tried and acquitted. His father
was a bank cashier and superintendent
of a Campbellite Sunday school.
In order to protect his son he stole a
large amount of money from the bank
and was put in the penitentiary for
two years for it. Another officer in
the bank, also a Christian, stole the
balance of the money and ran away
leaving his beautiful wife and chil-
dren, and is gone until this day.

(Continued on Fourth page)

Department, for the dissemination of in-

Short Letters

Bethune, Miss., July 19, 1905.

Messrs. Hughes and Moore.

I have been taking the Blade 12 years. Brother Moore has changed front and is talking about goodness and happiness. He also talks about anarchists and socialists. I never saw an anarchist and never saw but two socialists, but I do not believe there is any such organization to kill rich people or royal people. About two months before McKinley was killed Mr. Moore wrote a piece in the Blade in which he said McKinley might get killed if he did not be liberal with his subjects. When we got that number of the Blade some of his subscribers here went wild over it, and one man said he would not take the Blade. We reasoned with them and in a short time it was all hushed up. Then McKinley was killed and there was an other stir.

I believe all men are more or less insane and I do not believe that any body but an insane man would deliberately kill a president or a royal person.

Send me 25 cents worth of Mr. Henry's pamphlet. I want to send them to women. I think the Blade has done a whole lot of good. I am 76 years old. I have always tried to do right but I see so many different ideas about it that I do not know what I have ever done it.

When I was 20 years old I thought that a man who stole a horse ought to be hung. Now I do not believe that any body ought to be hung. Criminals ought to be confined until it is evident that they are penitent and then they ought to be turned loose.

I would love to see Brother Moore. I believe I could learn a great deal from him, and that it would give me a whole lot of the happiness he talks about.—O. H. OVERSTREET.

I would like to have seen the Pope, but I was visiting his town and I thought he ought to have called on me.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 31, 1905.

Dear Friends Moore and Hughes.

You have heard of my severe illness through the papers that Mrs. Wetmore sent you. I have had several relapses since the first of June. I enclose \$1.00 for the Blade. I had cerebral spinal meningitis. I slept for two months.—S. W. WETMORE.

Bulm, Florida, July 31, 1905.

Blue Grass Blade.

Enclosed stamps for which please move up my tab into 1906. Please send me Dr. Wilson's Rome book, and

Mr. Henry's book on "Woman and the Bible." I want to lend it to my lady friends. I want to see the light of reason dawn upon their blighted people, and I know of no better way to bring it about than by such women as Mrs. Henry.—N. F. CLARKE.

Paris, Ky., July 31, 1905.

Brother Hughes.

Enclosed \$1.00 for Dr. Wilson's book. I want to be agent for it.—W. T. FICKLEN.

Lockport, N. Y., July 29, 1905.

Enclosed money order for Mrs. Van Norton and myself. I want Dr. Wilson's book on Rome Congress.—O. W. HANNIGAN.

Port Fairfield, Maine, July 26, 1905.

Mr. Hughes—Send me 20 copies of Mrs. Henry's "Woman and the Bible" in Blade of July 18 and 23. Please send me \$5.00 worth of it in any form. It ought to be put into the hands of every woman who can be induced to read it.—R. L. BAKER.

Melba, Ga., July 30, 1905.

Mr. Charles C. Moore.

Dear Sir—I think as you do that happiness is a great question. It is a state of mind that must differ in different persons. Health, education and the observance of the laws of nature affect happiness. There is no set rule for making people happy. They that are pleasant for one man are not for another. I don't believe that any amount of money could make any body absolutely happy, though having large amounts of money makes some persons unhappy. What is riches to one man, is poverty to another. I don't feel as a rich unhappy as a condemned man in his cell, and I could not now feel as much happiness as he would feel by being pardoned. The more unhappy a man has the more happiness is possible for him.

Happiness is not lasting. A thing that makes you happy at first becomes unthought of afterward. To live justly and a natural life makes us happy in making others happy. Always watch for any opportunity to make others happy according to their and our conditions.—R. BORDEIS.

Troy, Kansas, July 26, 1905.

Mr. Charles C. Moore.

Dear Sir—Enclosed \$1.00 for "The Fennel in the Orient" have read and enjoyed it particularly well. I would like for all of my friends and especially those who are church mem-

bers to read it. You have a sense of humor that I appreciate as much as the destructive descriptive powers with which you are endowed.

My husband is abroad at present and since reading "Dog Fennel" I wish you could have been companion on a cruise, for his letters are so much like descriptions in your book. I am sorry you did not see the Pope, for I would like to compare your and his descriptions of him, for he believes as you do. I know he will enjoy your book when he returns.—MRS. C. A. PARKER.

Madison, Ga., July 31, 1905.

Editor Blade.

Put me down for four copies of Dr. Wilson's Rome book to following addresses, and send me one copy of your last book, "Dog Fennel in the Orient." Will pay for all in a week or so.—A. A. BELL.

CHAMPION OF ROCKEFELLER

Cincinnati Clergyman Takes "Fair

Up the Hiss-Critics and

Organization.

John D. Rockefeller, the multi-millionaire oil magnate, who has been the object of a merciless flaccation of the last six months both in press and pulpit, finds a champion at last in Rev. Charles W. Blodgett, pastor of St. Paul M. E. church, Cincinnati.

In a statement that he has just issued, he takes a few "fair" shots out of Mr. Rockefeller's critics, especially paying his respects to Rev. Washington Gladden of Columbus. The statement is as follows:

Calls it Abuse.

"With the abuse of John D. Rockefeller the press and the pulpit, the writer not only has no sympathy, but he has a great deal of sympathy. The article by Miss Ida Tarbell, in McClure's, stamps the writer as heartless and almost vicious.

"Miss Tarbell has by that article smirched what might have otherwise been a brilliant career. She had to drag in phantoms of family history. It was unparliamentary. It was despicable.

"Rev. Washington Gladden, a social reformer of Columbus, whose reforms have never materialized, is equally as vicious against Mr. Rockefeller. His great wealth and to the people of Mr. Gladden as a sort of ecclesiastical high kisser. His words have but little weight.

"He has during the twenty-five years that the writer has been observing him never advocated a measure or a theory that was not killed or rendered nugatory by his erratic utterances and visionary theories. The wonder is that Mr. Gladden has stuck to his orthodox faith.

"He has such a horror of taint that possibly he has been afraid to land in the liberal ranks.

"What is Mr. Rockefeller's sin? Why are so many people damning him? Analyze him and his life, and here is the picture. He was a poor boy, brought up by his rich friends or influential politicians to help him.

"He has made a success of himself. God endowed him with genius in organization which applied to business at a very opportune moment, brought his great wealth and to the people of all lands commodities necessary at prices within the reach of the poorest of the poor.

Has Greater Genius.

"He simply had greater genius than others, as Schiller is a poet, and Raphael as a painter had qualifications from the Creator that made them conspicuous.

"Place Mr. Rockefeller's life by the side of any of the great financiers of Europe and America, and it will burn him by comparison. He has given over \$50,000,000 to help humanity. Think of it—this poor boy of 50 years ago has made it possible for this country of ours to say wealth is not destructive of love.

"Does he gamble? No. Does he drink? No. Does he go to horse races? No. Does he violate the Sabbath? No. He is no sport. He is not fast. He has been true to his family.

"Not a whisper of scandalous nature goes out of his home. He raises his son to believe in the democracy of the people and to go to church. Mr. Rockefeller believes in the God of the Bible, in the Son of God and in the church, and he goes to church. He has no compromise to make with the liquor element.

"If he was worth but \$100,000, he would be considered a model Christian among the rich men of this country.

"He has by his genius of management distanced others, therefore he is a villain, a thief, and he must be castrated and caricatured by the public press and by a few of the Socialist drifters among the preachers.

"He is getting along in years. His benefactions and good deeds will follow him when some of his traducers in the pulpit and of the press have been forgotten.

Time to Speak out.

"One of the crimes of American life is to seek the crucifixion of any person

that diligently minds his own business serves God and does good. The Blade has come what those who are opposed to such viciousness should speak of, and for that reason this article is written, and the author thereof has as his pulpit condemned such viciousness.

Not a Crime.

"This article is not written to defend Mr. Rockefeller. The writer does not know him. Mr. Rockefeller does not personally need any defense, but the strong, virile Christian life should have endorsement.

"We have scores of others like Mr. Rockefeller that are honest, striving to serve God and do good and win success and many of them are young men and the abuse heaped upon Mr. Rockefeller simply says to these men: If you are Christians it is a sin for you to be successful business men.

Not Trucking to Rich.

"From the standpoint of morals we only wish it were possible by a personal acquaintance with Mr. Rockefeller to answer such a villainous article as Miss Tarbell's. We say this without any of our friends charging us in the statement of a desire to truckle to rich men."

If you leave out of the above the belief of preacher Blodgett that Rockefeller's success has been the result of divine guidance, what Mr. Blodgett says about Rockefeller is almost identical with what I have said about him ever since the fortune of the private individual gained by means that any man would gain such a fortune if he could, has made him a target for the abuse of the press and pulpit all over America, and all occasioned by that jealousy that moneyless people have of rich people. The woman Ida Tarbell, whose blackening disposition suggests Tarbell, or Tarbell, has been a ring leader in this jealous defamation. After writing a lot of vile abuse about the man she says she has no documentary evidence of what she says, but that they are the things that are believed among the people, and in a test suit brought by Rockefeller Miss Tarbell lost out.

It was certainly unwomanly in her to ridicule Rockefeller as she did, because he was this and entitled and half-bred. He is commonly known to be a despicable and his appearance is generally what excites the sympathy of good people. Blodgett, high livers are more justly the targets for the shafts of caricaturists. I believe that McClure and Miss Tarbell have both hurt themselves by the criticism of Rockefeller, to the public office.

There are certainly many people who are ugly and poor as the results of their own vices, and idleness, and yet the whole world would be scandalized if one of these characters, in private life, were picked out for public abuse as Rockefeller has been. I happen to know about Washington Gladden. I was a prisoner in Columbus and was kindly visited by the Protestant and Catholic clergy, but I never heard a word of sympathy from Gladden and my experience too, is that his "reforms" are of the kind that never materialize.

What Blodgett says about Rockefeller's morals is identical what I have asked. Does he gamble? Does he drink? Does he go to horse races?

Of course I did not care anything about his violating the Sabbath. That to me is superstition, but it certainly is no crime to observe the Sabbath. He is no "sport" and is not "fast" that I ever heard of, and I never heard an insinuation that he had in any way been untrue to his family or his marriage vows.

Not a whisper of any scandalous nature has ever gone out of his home, while such whispers have gone out of so many prominent homes. Ordinarily the sons of millionaires are worthless and dissipated, but we hear of the young Rockefeller except that he teaches Sunday School and is one of the commissioners to distribute the donations of his father.

Such have been the assaults upon the character of Rockefeller that he has employed guncies to save him from assassination.

No greater outrage upon the rights of any American citizen has ever been perpetrated except when I was put in the penitentiary because I do not believe in religion, and it is true that the same class of people who lauded me a poor infidel are those who abuse Rockefeller the rich Christian. Let these men crush out Rockefeller simply because he is a rich man, and they will not be ratified, but will come on down the list and attack other rich men who are not so rich as Rockefeller, but who through envy have encouraged this crusade against him, and whenever these men get the

power, if they ever do, they will rob and they are the millionaires and the present rich men are paupers.

I would take a billion dollars if I could get it as honorably as Rockefeller has gotten his, and possibly less honestly and the same is true of all those who are happy as I am now, but I would put millions of it into the circulation of this little paper with the plea for doing good to make ourselves and others happy.

Hoboken, Pa., Aug. 4, 1905.

Charles C. Moore.

I want you to understand that I am not a subscriber to the Blue Grass Blade. I am no believer in Heavens, Hell, I am a believer in the true God and Christianity.—G. MILLDOLLAR.

Some one has probably paid for the Blade to be sent to you.

Your card is not impolite, but it is as kind as it might be. If your religion makes you a better man than the brasher, you ought to try to show it in what you say and do. Be charitable. Sometimes people who do not believe as we do are right and we are wrong.

In matters of religion, we may often learn more from those who do not agree with us than from those who do. If religion is true you can learn much from arguments against it as you can from arguments for it.

A man who will not hear anything but his own side in politics cannot be an intelligent politician and is no credit to his party.

That principle is true in religion. Hear all sides, then act.

Willard, Nebraska, July 30, 1905.

My time is up for the Blade and I enclose \$1.00.

I am 53 years old. I believe you are doing good work for humanity. I am an atheist, but there is one god; it is love, and all worship it. The women beg and show their feet to preachers for the preachers, and the preachers say "God bless the sisters."

JESSIE R. JOHNSON.

I think that is a woman.

Peris, California, July 30, 1905.

James E. Hughes.

Dear Sir—Enclosed find \$1.00 (William) for the Wilson Rome Congress book. I hope you will make some money by its publication, for I know it will be worth more than the price.

Preachers are slow. It takes her time and brimstone to make people go to their cash.—C. S. GROVE.

Under the Groves of the Academy, we seek truth.—Horace.

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SEASHORE OUTING OLD POINT COMFORT



Saturday, August 12, '05
\$12 FROM LEXINGTON

WINCHESTER, MT. STERLING, MOREHEAD

Special Vinted Train Leaves Lexington 7:40 p. m.

The famous Virginia Springs, Historic City of Richmond, deluged Old Point Comfort and Fortress Monroe, Navy Yards at Portsmouth, Ocean View, Virginia Beach on the broad Atlantic are among the attractive features, together with

SIDE TRIP EXCURSIONS AT LOW RATES FROM OLD POINT

The route is through the famous Blue Grass Regions of Kentucky, the canyons of New River, alongside the picturesque Greenbrier River, through the Alleghenies, and the wonderful Blue Ridge Mountains, the beautiful Shenandoah and Piedmont Valleys.

SURF BATHING, BOATING AND FISHING
Can be enjoyed at Old Point

Stopover privileges will be granted East of Kanawha Falls on the return trip, enabling a visit to the famous Virginia Mountain Resorts and other points of interest on the C. & O. Railway.

Excursionists may return either via Charlottesville and Staunton or via Lynchburg and Natural Bridge, along the James River.

Tickets will be good returning until August 26, 1905. Engage Sleeping Car Space now. Enquire of your agent for full particulars, or write

G. W. BARNEY, D. P. A., Lexington, Ky. R. E. PARSONS, D. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

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Timbered, rolling, perfect, all-weather, no swamps, good water. Grow corn, cotton, small grains, cow-peas and sell-ers. Good for the coming clover and alfalfa country—prone clay soil and clay-silt—cheapest lands in Southeast.

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To Points in the West and Southwest
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On first and third Tuesdays of each month road trip tickets will be sold to points in Southeast Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, at rate of one fare plus \$2. Stopovers allowed on the going trip; 21 days in which to return.

Cotton Belt Route trains leave St. Louis morning and evening, making connection with all lines, and carry sleepers, chair cars and parlor cars.

Write for literature describing the cheap lands along the Cotton Belt Route, for maps, time table and information about rates, etc.

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Send in your order for Dr. Wilson's Rome book so you can get one of the first from the press, as orders are filled as received.

If your subscription is due we wish you would please sign and save us the postage of notifying you.

SIX MILLION ACRES.
The State of Texas will place on sale September 1st, 1905, six million acres of state lands scattered throughout the state at from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per acre, one-fourth cash down, forty years time on balance, 3 per cent interest.

Write for particulars also about cheap rates to the Southwest Aug. 15, Sept. 5 and 19, Oct. 3 and 17.

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ATLANTIC CITY EXCURSION
Thursday, August 10th, via QUEEN AND CRESCENT ROUTE, and B. & O. S. W. Ry.

Fourteen dollars round trip from Lexington. Tickets good twelve days from date of sale. Ask ticket agents for particulars.

REDUCED RATES
To Scott county Colored Fair, Georgetown, Ky.
August 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th. Tickets will be sold at the rate of one fare and a third for the round-trip on the above dates, good returning until August 12th. Ask ticket agents for particulars.

All the subscribers of the Blade who wish to do good and make the publisher happy will please pay up their subscription and send in a few new subscribers.

H. C. KING, C. P. & T. A. 311 E. MAIN ST.

\$1.25
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Ask agents for particulars or
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HUMAN AFFECTION

(Continued from First page)

see how things turn out. I feel that I am just beginning to grow. I shall just be ready to accomplish something when I die. I want to continue to expand and progress.

I want the same for all others especially for the ignorant, the suffering, the deformed, the vicious, the depraved, and all the helpless of earth.

I want to see every flower of humanity, nipped, like Highland Mary, "by death's untimely frost," but and blossom into full and fragrant being.

I want to see those youthful geniuses, Hypatia, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Helms, Keats, Poe and May Collins rekindle the scientific in the crystalline spheres.

I want to see those who have dreamed glorious dreams of the good they would do if they only had the choice and opportunity. I want to see the broken heart mended.

I want to see justice crown the martyr. I want to see the uncaged soul, which sighed the sad hours heavily away, through long years of dungeon gloom, pass conscious, through the bars of death, to delicious liberty.

I want to see the persecuted face the persecutor, where all things are evened up. I want to see development and progress all along the line. I would be a God if I could, and impart the whole world within my arms.

I want to see all of earth's unfortunate, especially those made so by tyranny and heredity have another chance. I want them to be repaid for the degradation and affliction imposed upon them for the benefit of others.

I want to see the crippled, the crooked and deformed stand straight and be beautified.

Some time ago, as I was passing along a street, I saw a little old woman, hobbling upon two sticks. Her head was almost on a level with her hips. I never before witnessed a human being walk with head so low. Her legs were crooked so far under her, they seemed to prop up her breast. As she walked, or rather sidled and hobbled along, her face to the pavement, she presented a strange and curious sight.

I turned and followed her some distance, having a curiosity to speak to her and to see her face. When I spoke, it was with great difficulty that she turned her face, half way to one side (she could not look up and forward) to see who was speaking to her. I shall never forget the expression of that face—the pinched, wrinkled, the agony, the vacant gaze, the years of pain written there.

I asked her if she had suffered an accident, or what might have been the cause of her affliction?

She said she didn't know, that she had been that way since a child. I versed a little with her, asked her if she suffered pain, and if she could read. She said she suffered all the time, and reading was the only joy she had on earth. I was thankful for that.

As she hobbled on, I looked at her and said, "I hope that woman, that scarce human thing, will be given another life, to repay her for the miseries of this, which are no fault of her own. I hope she will live again to stand straight like others."

For the pain and humiliation of this life, for her endless disappointments, for her sad, secret, hopeless longings, I hope she will live again, to be endowed with superior gifts of body and brain; that she will have a face like a Phryne, lit with eyes that are fountains of thought and song; have glorious tresses to sweep her cheeks like gold-hued cloud-flocks on the rosy morn; great billowing breasts to tingle with sweet passion and chaste yearnings of motherhood; limbs, dimpled and rosy, full curved and straight; to bear her along with voluptuous grace.

I hope that poor, emaciated, crooked form will be straightened and rounded out; thrilled with potent passion and palpitating desire; inspired by ambition and glorified by ennobling thought.

I know not whence she came nor whither she went, and have never seen her since; but I trust the few kind words of sympathy I gave her, will linger in her memory, and lead her to feel that she is not altogether repulsive, not altogether an object to be gazed at; not altogether out of harmony with the universe, but that pity still links her to human tenderness, while hope, over weaves a rainbow fringe of transformation over her shrunken form and misty brain.

There may be some who read this, who likewise, in degree, are thus afflicted. If so, I want them to know and feel my sympathy, and that I hope, if for no other reason, that there will be another life, just for their sakes; that the bent backs may be straightened, that their heads be lifted

ed high toward "the upward looking and the light."

An immortality, a new life of happiness, as long at least as the present average life, cannot be too good for such, or for all who sorrow, suffer and suffer.

When I think of the suffering in the world, of the ravages of war and famine, of the persecution of the weak, the cruelty to women and children, the disease and degeneration inflicted upon the innocent through ignorance, the curse of superstition, its iniquitous and slaughters, its inquisition of territory through death and conquest, the general selfishness and cruelty of man, the corruption of virtue, the tyranny of governments, the grinding power of plutocracy, the causes, are taught but driftwood on the stream of time, I cannot but wish to see a rectification of all this catyism of crime and suffering and woe, under circumstances which this life does not afford.

In these remarks, my affections have spoken, not my reason. Were I to speak, now, from the standpoint of reason, (and I will discuss this subject from this standpoint in some near issue) I would speak in almost direct opposition to these statements.

The world of thought is directed by these two extremes—Reason and Love. The primary government of man is founded upon the affections and wisely so. The affections are the children of ignorance and instinct. At the horizon of our experience expands and models multiply, we enter into a chill atmosphere and love and admiration perceptibly vanish.

Reason disintegrates, Love unites. Reason seeks Love to possess affection. Though Reason is the highest power, yet it is not all powerful nor all essential. Reason may cure illusions, but not suffering. It has many eyes to see evil, but how often it is helpless to prevent them.

Men are destined to reason wrongly as well as rightly—the clergy—to reason backward, instead of forward to take ideals from the past, instead of the present. They were trained that way and cannot always help it. They have a tender, sensitive regard for ancient dogmas which appear to them, and they spout about "reasoning together" more than anybody. They cannot always help it.

Some are destined not to reason at all, and some are destined to persecute those who do reason.

Such a complex state of affairs exists, seemingly necessarily, more and more I perceive that Reason should never leave Affection behind. As a hand should not go dispensing light and joy along their shining paths.

We cannot get away from suffering. The world is full of bruised and crushed hearts and desolate spirits; moans of sorrow creep veridically through the sunshine and underlie the laughter, however gay and loud; pillows of pain and chambers of grief, the soft step of sleep will not tread, are all over the world. Among the flowers, there is no perpetual bloom; the world is furrowed with grave mounds and the darkness and silence are ever hard by, where no sweet car, or gentle word, can do any good. On another of our dear ones go from us, and pass out into the darkness, and with our feet stumbling among their graves the golden summer sunshine seems only to bleach white our hair, and not to be Nature's loving baptism for the just and unjust.

And pain knits itself to pain, and complaint joins itself to complaint, till a thankless if not reproachful understone runs through all the world; and to millions life becomes a heavy burden, an echo among ruins. More and more I perceive the necessity of cherishing the affections.

There is more need of Love's supporting arm, Alon glit's slippery pathway and its frost.

There is more need for Love to wrap us warm From winter winds when summer flowers are lost.

There is more need of Liberals cultivating the social instinct, of benevolent affection among themselves; for they, too, in addition to suffering all the pains and afflictions of others, must suffer ostracism, and more or less contempt and martyrdom for their principles.

The Liberal is essentially affectionate in his relations to mankind, but I am sorry to say, has not that warmth of affection for his own class that he should have. This may be due partly, from lack of contact through organization.

Toward others, the Liberal is the most affectionate of men. He exhibits this affection in the self-sacrifices he makes in helping others to become intellectually free. The Liberal is intellectually free. The Liberal is peaceable. He opposes war. He does not coerce. He converts by his compelling note. He does not resort to the startegems of opposing brutality. He does not seek to shed hu-

man blood. He wants every one to have health and happiness in this world. He does not sigh for the borders of paradise and trample the borders of this life under his feet.

I would that the affection Liberal bestow upon mankind, they would equally bestow upon each other.

Reason will never be popular, and neither will Athelism, its child. Passions, emotions, especially the religious, may be popular, because they belong to the ignorant many; Reason ever remains the property of the select few.

Said Beesonfield: "No affection, and a great brain—these are the two to command the world."

I would be proud to command men; but let my brain be not so great, and my affections large.

Like George Elliot, I believe that "affection is the broadest basis of a good life." It is affection which leads me to devote a large part of my time in assisting my fellow man out of the slough of ignorance into which superstition has plunged him, away from the wrath of a brutal God, and the fears of a hell, born of the evil natures of men and designing theologians.

To lift the ignorant to a higher plane, Reason must always be tempered by Affection. They should work together.

The proper work of man, the grand drift of human life is to follow Reason; to walk ever more to higher paths by brightening Reason's lamp; the drift of intelligence is always toward Reason—never toward religion.

From the death of the old, the new proceeds. And the life of truth from the rot of creeds."

In the face of the growing intelligence of the world, the clergy elect to chatter their gibberish about a wrathful God presiding over hell heaven, and an endless hell of torment, an immaculate conception, blood atonement, and foolish miracles, all of which are employed to mental enslavement of the masses.

There can be no remedy for this crime, but the exercise of Reason, tempered with Affection. Men can only be led, gently, affectionately.

Perfect reason avoids extremes, frighten childhood, and stultify the reasoning powers. The result is, it leads us to be wise with discretion. "Reason" says Confucius, "should teach us to think wisely, to speak gently, and to behave worthily."

Let us employ Reason, then, the highest of our faculties.

Affection, the tenderer, With Affection let us ever stand amid the errors, the vices, the wrongs, the sorrows of humanity; with Reason let us walk among the stars.

CLERGYMAN GUILTY OF MURDER PLOT

(Continued from First page)

I could write a book full of crimes of prominent Christians. Among Lexington preachers the following, I believe to be true. A priest seduced a girl who had a child by him.

Then I do not know of any crime committed by any preacher in Lexington except Cambridge, and the fact that they are remarkable. The Campbellite church is the most prominent in Lexington. One preacher of that church in Lexington who was an old man and had baptized more people than any preacher in Lexington, left Lexington with his wife because a Lexington paper published his immorality with a little girl. The case of another preacher of that church was before the grand jury, the charge being that he had made indecent proposals to his negro woman cook. Another one excited the jealousy of his wife because of a widowed man who had his way of thinking and tried to carry out his advice.

Now, if the Editor of the Truth Seeker wants to parade the mouthings of such a character as that by reporting his weekly talks, let him tell us so and assume the responsibility for their publication.

I am interested in the welfare of the Truth Seeker and would like to see it a power for truth and right living. I would like to see it above reproach.

AN OHIO PHYSICIAN ASKS MY COMMENTS

Marion, Ohio, Aug. 2, 1905.

C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.

My dear Friend,

Enclosed please find an article, "A Communication," in Marion Daily Journal, which I mail you today. Please give your comments on it, and send me 10 copies of the B. O. B. as I wish to give them to my friends. I will remit for same, I remain yours very truly—DR. OGDEN.

BELOVE AND ANARCHY ARE NOT INFIDEL SENTIMENTS

There are many Infidels, some who are free-lovers and some anarchists, and nearly always going together, at recent and current developments have shown and are showing, that representative Infidelity is opposed to free-love and anarchy, and that these two crimes are Christian, and Infidelity, as an organization, needs to rid itself of all such people. The Infidel sentiment on this subject has recently been tested by the New York Truth Seeker, an infidel paper, printing articles from a preacher named Pentecost, who has openly advocated that the poor should steal from the rich and rob them by force, and who is also a free-lover and an anarchist. I give a letter on the subject as it appears in the T. S. simply leaving out some immaterial parts.

It is as follows:

PENTECOST'S APOLOGIST SCORED To the Editor of the Truth Seeker:

The Truth Seeker still overflows with letters from the admirers of the advocate of Anarchy, free-love, and the elimination of the moral sense, and while I have been too busy to attend to those who have presented me with the point of their pikes I have concluded that silence had better give way to speech.

One of my critics is in distress over the imprudent independence of the name suggested for a supplementary paper to be printed separately for the erratic advocates of lawlessness and license.

When I suggested "The Light of Hell" as a title for the proposed sheet I did not expect some people to see the application.

I laughed when I wrote, but concluded to let it remain even if sure to be misunderstood by many.

Several of the Pentecost apologists remind us that others are permitted to express their views without objection and ask why the publication of other views should call forth opposition, and talk about "press muzzlers" because of the objection to the publication of Pentecostal philosophy and morals. (?)

It is apparent to anything but an addled brain that there are things which it is improper and wrong to advocate either in private conversation or public print; and that it would be as improper to call a man who objected to my paper five space to condemn the man who prevented the man from following his inclinations to steal.

I have no objection to people who believe in Anarchy, free-love, the right of every man to do as he pleases, and the right of every woman to do as she pleases.

I am not at all of their own pernicious and shameful notions among themselves.

I simply object to buying and paying for such rot myself, and to placing it before my family and friends.

I want to right here that I object to the publication of the reports of the Pentecost meetings in The Truth Seeker.

These reports do not occupy the same relation to The Truth Seeker that is occupied by a letter from a correspondent.

The Truth Seeker is making a feature of the paper, and thereby becomes as directly responsible for their publication as it can in anything except an editorial article.

Who is this man? Taking his own words, he is a one-time preacher who is now a criminal lawyer; and also an Anarchist who would let every criminal go free and let every crime go unpunished and unrestrained.

If his talk is uttered for the purpose of attracting to him the criminal class as clients it should be effective, but the fact that he does not (apparently) practice what he preaches, takes a doubt as to his sincerity.

Should he keep with the advice which he has been giving he will probably one day find himself in the company of many others who were put there because they had his way of thinking and tried to carry out his advice.

Now, if the Editor of the Truth Seeker wants to parade the mouthings of such a character as that by reporting his weekly talks, let him tell us so and assume the responsibility for their publication.

I am interested in the welfare of the Truth Seeker and would like to see it a power for truth and right living. I would like to see it above reproach.

It seems almost superfluous to add that he believes in "free-love," as that is one of the natural results of the abolition of law and conscience.

Finally he not only believes in abolishing all restraint, but he advises people to steal.

Now, if the Editor of the Truth Seeker wants to parade the mouthings of such a character as that by reporting his weekly talks, let him tell us so and assume the responsibility for their publication.

I am interested in the welfare of the Truth Seeker and would like to see it a power for truth and right living. I would like to see it above reproach.

I would like to see it above reproach.



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SATURDAY, AUGUST 5

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If desired, tickets are good in either or both directions between Detroit and Buffalo on D. & B. Steamers.

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**TORONTO, THOUSAND ISLANDS
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The month of August is the best month in the year to visit Niagara Falls, so says all guide books. Arrange your vacation accordingly and take this in.

For pamphlet containing rates, time of trains, etc., call on any ticket agent of the Great Central Route, or address

**D. G. EDWARDS,
P. T. M., Cincinnati, O.**

ABUSE OF ROCKEFELLER.

I receive various newspaper clippings abusing Rockefeller, the Billionaire.

Prominent among these is the sermon of Rev. Samuel Stobbe, of the Baptist church, the church to which Rockefeller belongs, and to which he has given millions of dollars. Rev. Stobbe calls him a "thief" and a "scoundrel of the blackest heart." I suppose no rational man believes that Stobbe would not get out of Rockefeller's money if he could.

Work on Dr. Wilson's Home book is going ahead in good shape and it will probably be ready for the printer. I have subscribed in the next three or four weeks. If you want to send in your order, either with the money or without, if you haven't got it at this time. The Doctor is at his best in this book and those who fail to get one or more copies will be disappointed. The price is only \$1 and it is going to be a book that ought to sell for at least \$1.50.

**K. of P. FAIR
NICHOLASVILLE**

One Fare for the Round Trip (Plus 25 cents).

Via
QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE

Tickets on sale August 29th, 30th and 31st; good returning September 1st.

Ask ticket agents for particulars.